



GILBERT

NUMBER 1



\*\*\*so this is what's called a predictable introduction dealie thing\*\*\*

i have written about three of these already, but each one has ended up in my old recycling bin. well, this issue of girl fiend is kinda different than past ishes. it's bigger than ever cuz i've never gone so long with out putting one out- this was in the works from august to november!! that's a record for me, kids. and since it's bigger, it'll cost more to make which i totally can't afford. the highlight of my life as a college student so far was getting over \$700 stolen from my room. it was only supposed to last me, oh, the entire school year. not like it would have anyway. so that was a big eye opener for me. i ought to get some oh-so exotic piercing to eternally hang my room key from, but since i am an exotic piercing-free zone, i don't see this happening in the near future. you also might notice i have some layout stuff here (well, i don't know what qualifies as layout. i have background pictures) which i put cuz i got tired of bland looking pages stuffed with type. i felt like i was reading a book. not that that's bad, but you know.. oh, an update on the first piece in here. i'm going to spoil it for you. it's just bashing on my college's LGBTA but now that situation is better, i staff there and get along with folks and do stuff and altho i still don't feel like i'll ever be part of some "gay community" things are a wee tad brighter. just remember, everything i wrote is how i felt at that minute i wrote it. ok, so here you go. girl fiend number four. less queer stuff and more girl stuff. either way, it's all just about me and me and more me. i feel like i'm the listener alot so this is my chance to really be the one letting others know what is on my mind. this is a good thing that i encourage everyone to do. please communicate. especially with me.

christina/hampshire college/box 960/amherst/ma/01002

more predictableness!!!this issue was made under the influence of:  
babes in toyland-fontanelle fifth column-all time queen on the world,  
gr ups 7" chumawamba-shhh!, nation of ulysess-plays pretty for baby,  
sikihi killi-thurston hearts the who", blatz-all,holy rollers-fabuley,  
naked agression-both 7"s, huasipungo-7".

I thank: jenny for the picture, everyone who says things to me that make me so annoyed or happy or sad that i have to write about them here, all my friends at harp, at mnh, that i write to, etc. i take it all back, none of you did shit! you all start thanking me right now! Xtra special love to western mass riot qrrrl and fifth column-you are my sunshine! and the village voice for providing me with pictures.

the issue of

'My reflection, my reflection,  
is bought and paid for by the  
wolf, and that's what little  
girls are made of...' - groups

I am realizing I will never find a place so cozy and perfect where everything I am and love is there and everyone else feels the samesame and I should just get over my fantasies and deal with the real and the now. like here for instance I am at college and I am liking it digging it finding people I like. and and and fuck. No I know punk is not dead there's a zine scene and puttin' on the shows and everybody knows... people accepting of me pretty much but fuck the "gay community" (retch puke blah) here and everywhere get over it kill it i am not a part of it and it could not care less. hello you fuckin lame ass cliques you suck so bad. these fucking queer alliances are supposed to be a support network thing, but no, you don't give anyone a chance do you.. fuck your crew cuts and leather jackets and folk music and show it up your ass (with a latex glove on, of course). maybe I haven't given them a chance. maybe i'm expecting them to love me and just come over to me cuz I'm new and so cool and all hahahaha. and sure tell me your lifestory in some little meeting but pretend not to see me when you pass me in the hall. suck it.

so i know what to do, fucking put my sexuality in a little box and lock the box and ditch the key and hang out with the people you do have something to say with even tho you can't relate in some ways in one way but since sex is not a part of my life presently nor has it ever been, it does not matter does it. sexsexsex. people talk about it tons at college they sure do. i wonder what's so great about it. i can't imagine it being anything any better than what i can do myself. no, that's a lie. i bet it rules. i bet i'll never know. awww, fuck. it's none of your biz. i wish for a queer punk scene soso bad but i wonder if i'm selfish and shit for wanting it. i take it all back. i take back all the labels i've slapped on myself to simplify explaining myself. i take back dyke and and i take back punk but i'll keep dork. i just give up trying to find cool queers becuz they don't get that i have more important things, that i don't wish to look the part and live the lifestyle, it's full time queer or no queer. why do i keep buying evil yuppie gay mags with names like "out" when all i do is barf at the unbalanced male/female content and barf and heave at the articles on going to the gym? everything here is really unconnected but it all ties together under confusion okay okay? should i give up the search? cuz if i do, the cloney cliquey law will remain in place, like the wise ellen pointed out as i was crying last night. (she rocks). if i don't give up they'll know i'm into it for real, and maybe they'll get over my unqueerhipness., or maybe i can shoot them all...







why is it so hard for girls to be friends? i'm not saying it doesn't happen but i seem to have to put so much more effort into it and make sure i don't say the wrong thing even tho that should not be something worth worrying about. and it's not like i'm usually friends more often with boys cuz i'm not but approaching girls is so much harder for me and no dummy it's not sexual if you haven't figured out yet i'm not exactly the type who 'comes on' to people (girls). i just feel i have to prove to girls that i'm something worth knowing and stuff. well, this is just some girls SO WHEN YOU REALLY LOVE ME WON'T YOU BRING ME EDELWIESE? (sorry) i have gotten to know some super kool girls here pretty easy, but some think they are super tough rad mamas only to be approached by the extra special, which i am clearly not. and no one is so much better than anyone else so that i should have to work real hard to befriend them, like, what's the point? they ain't worth it. especially with punk girls, it's like new ones show up somewhere and the old ones who've been wherever you are for a bit see you as competition for whatever, like, queen punk of \_\_\_\_\_. like you'll be more of a freak and steal their spotlight, or the boy punk's attention. pleez. can i tell all girl punks ever in advance now that i want no part of this?

SITTING IN MY ROOM I'VE GOT NOTHING TO DO, NOTHING TO DO. yeah, i say punk alot, yeah, it's a label, yeah, i don't think it's dead. some is stale and rusty and macho poopedoo but some inspires the fuck outta me and say what ya want but i don't see any other active underground that does shit (predictable shit, often), communicates, etc. and i can relate. and i don't wanna fight w/ U over whether or not to say 'girl band' or just 'band'. i don't wanna tell you again why i'm not s.e. and why i am vegan (poser vegan-hi dumbeli) and blahblah. and i'm not part of any scene, or maybe i am and just don't know it but i think not. but, i am doing all the predicable shit, like a zine and trying to help put on shows and trying to start a band and my question is am i contributing to the tons of stuff that serves no point and has been done a million times over, or am i breaking any new ground? cuz if i'm not, what the fuck is the point? i mean, yeah, it's fun and all, but so is wanking off but that's not exactly an inspiration to the masses, or is it? lots of folks have told me they like my zine, and i like getting this shit outta my system, so so far now i guess that's enough. but for how long?

yes, i'm queer, no, i don't think about sex much. no, just becaz i didn't talk to that cute queer girl from class doesn't mean i'm celibate. yes, i'm a sexual person, everyone is, face it. no, i don't enjoy watching public displays of affection. yes, i've never had sex and couldn't give a shit what you think. look, i've never been in a relationship, can't imagine myself in one, i think lots of people are beautiful but don't feel a need to do anything about it. i almost feel it's too late in life to attempt any sort of sexual act or relationship thing becaz everyone's been doing it so long i don't want them to take time out to tell me directions. there's an obvious rule book and i don't have it or want it. i get along just fine by myself, being monosexual and all (laura baybee) and feel no need to do anything at queer bars besides dance. i can imagine you think i'm missing out on something and, if so, please explain becaz i feel no empty void in my life. i can't imagine anyone expressing interest in me, nor can i imagine finding anyone so attractive that i have to approach them. get it?

you are hurting my girlfriends and you have to stop. it is not enough that you don't hurt me. it is not good that  
i am considered 'lucky' becauz you leave me alone on the street and in class and on the bus, go away. you send them  
scary signs they don't know how to interpret nor how to react to. you make them doubt their strong strong selves.  
they are good and you say they are not, you say 'no'. you make them sad and i don't know how to comfort them. i  
wrap my arms around them as they sob and tell them it will be alright but you just do it again. you don't call  
em, or you call too much, harassing them. you mind fuck them and use them and rape them and eat them with your  
eyes everyday. you make my girlfriends down on themselves so bad i want to hurt you for it but that would solve  
nothing. i doubt my ability to hurt you becauz i too get down on myself second hand thru them, it's ingrained  
in us all and the billboards and the front page and the big screen and you and you and you all know it and keep  
it in place, there will never be change. my girlfriends are so beautiful in everyway but you make them feel as  
tho they are useless. you gotta gotta stop this pain you put them through. you fear their strength. you are  
scared of the power they'd have if they crushed the roles you are firmly locked into. you should be scared, fuck.

10/16/97



you fucking know it you know it i told you i told you months ago over two months ago you block it out you ignore it you never once have brought it up admit it you're fucking ashamed of me you think i suck i'm not right it isn't normal no more perfect family you said you understood you said you could deal okay but you deny i told you you act like nothing happened i did alot i told you it's a big deal a big deal yeah i act like it's not important and who cares if you know or not if you still like me or not but i care so fucking much i want your approval so bad i want you to accept and deal and acknowledge but act and feel like i'm no different than before i want you to be proud of me but you can't you can't you tell me about your friend's daughter's boyfriend like i'm jealous of it like i want that life but that isn't me that's not my life can't tell your husband keeping secrets from him of course it's my job to tell him too my job to break the news to everybody i bet you expect me to apologize well no way i am me and i am trying to like me to love me more than i do with no help from you mommy i'm queer mommy i'm queer fuck you i love you please love me back



i wrote the above a while after an incident that i felt set back my coming out process with my parents quite a bit. it was parent's visiting weekend at my school and there were alot of panels to go to, one on sexual orientation with queer professors and parents from P-FLAG (parents, family, and friends of lesbians and gays). i had known about the panel a few days before my parents came, and was convincing myself that if they didn't mention it, i would bring it up. well, of course they saw it listed on the papers they were given but my mom, who i came out to in august, didn't mention it. and i thought she might have told my dad, or maybe he figured it out, but i guess not cuz he didn't suggest going either. i tried to hint and point it out, but i just could not do it. i just could not ask them to go. so they said they were tired of panels and went home early. i went alone. i told one of the people on the panel what happened, like how my mom's in denial and stuff, and i'm too scared to mention it, and she pretty much said "i'm not your fucking shrink, i can't help" (i'm exaggerating) and everyone laughed. so much for support.

Then I have a class on the  
 why are you surprised my self esteem is so low? am i not a girl living in  
 world where my importance is measured by numbers on a scale and a tape  
 measurer? my numbers do not match up. my skin is not peaches and cream, my  
 nose is not too perky my arms are too hairy my finger nails too short my eye  
 brows too thick don't even mention my hair, too thick and moplike and a color  
 not found in nature, never mind clairol. and you wonder why i'm so surprised  
 when you compliment me. don't you understand how i fucking feel why don't  
 you get it why can't i get over it be a fuckin punk be a feminist be a  
 lesbian separatist don't give a fuck what they think what they tell you  
 to be and to want and to reach for. well, i try. it is all i can do i try  
 to be bad to love myself to look at myself in the mirror and smile or better  
 yet not even care enough to look in the mirror knowing that what i see  
 there is not important but then they come along all look at me and say "no  
 shit that's not important not the fuck at all who gives a shit about her"  
 and i am reduced to something less than real and sexless and emotionless  
 and so insignificant i could fall off the earth and no one would care.  
 and i should be glad i don't have to deal with what the pretty straight  
 girls get, the cat calls and the phone calls and the notes slipped in their  
 fucking lockers and "does he want to be my friend or more?" no i never ever  
 had to deal with that not once in my fucking life from anyone and do you  
 know how i feel, do you? do you? do you know im sick of listening to your  
 stories but can't tell you or i'll fucking 'offend' you? i can't say what  
 i want, you won't like me. you say you understand but you pull the same  
 shit everyone else does. and i can try to listen but no, i can't relate,  
 that doesn't mean i hate you, there's nothing wrong with it but i don't  
 know what it's like to have 4 different boys all begging for a snippet of  
 your time and this place this world makes me want that makes me feel like  
 shit for not getting it even though that is not me not me not the fuck  
 me in the slightest i am sexless and emotionless i just give others advice  
 and watch their lives form and happen while i sit motionless and unbreath-  
 ing looking on from the sidelines. yes my self esteem is low because i  
 am fucking shit according to almost everyone i can't cook i can't sew i  
 can't fuck boys i can't catch boys i can't wear a size 6 i can't sing  
 pretty for you all i can do is fucking write my heart out to people who  
 don't give a shit or pretend they do but won't talk to me this is the real  
 thing this is what is happening don't pretend i didn't say this tomorrow  
 yes i meant it right now this is how i feel today this is me so don't  
 hold some fucking grade next month excuse me for feeling

# BIOTON COMBAT THE SIGNS OF AGING

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# A COMIC?



this is joanie.

boom boom yeah!



she plays drums  
real nicely.

pleeze!



mannequin

she didn't wear  
a bra.



she got  
sick of  
hair in  
her face.

hey babe!



everyone thought  
she was a  
dyke.

But she  
wasn't.

the moral of  
the story is:  
don't assume  
nothin.



in four days fifth column is playing at my school and i booked them and since i booked them i had to do most of the work becauz the organization we get money to put shows on with, the alternative music collective, is not presently much of a collective. so i had to worry about where they'd play, where the money would come from, but i did get help with flyers and supporting bands from my kool girlfriends. but the thing is, i'll never take shows for granted again. i'll never just see a flyer, go to a show, and leave without thinking about all the work that went into it, from finding a space to lighting to all the money you need and other stuff. of course, at my school we are given money to pay for the bands and sound and flyers, not a cent comes out of our pockets. so in that aspect we are pretty fuckin spoiled. but i highly recommend to folks to pool your resources and call touring bands and get them to play your town, cuz it's totally totally worth it. d.i.y. and all that cal, ya know?

i also think it's very important that fifth column is coming, then bein' queer girl musicians who do not do folk becauz i am presently living in the town right next to lesbianville, USA (according to the national enquirer) and due to the proximity of two all women's colleges and i don't know what else, this area is dyke central. i want people to know they don't have to buy into the stereotypical dyke image and lifestyle just to be accepted by the "community" or whatever. okay, so alot of these acoustic lesbians might have really deep, insightful lyrics, but the tunes just don't do it for me. so i just want dykes to know bands like fifth column and tribe 8 exist, to let them know what else it out there.

of course, not that it's necessary for queer girls to only listen to music by queer girls, but if you don't get why we'd want to at all, man, fuck you. do you know how hard it is to find anything to relate to, in any sort of medium? movies, books, t.v., music, magazines, that say it's okay, no, great to be how you are? where you can find others like you and into what you're into and you don't feel like a lonely mutant freak? where you aren't the exception or an afterthought? i'm sick of bein' a side dish, i wanna be the entree! and that's why fifth column is coming, okay? jeez.



oh, i am floating on air. i just put on my first show this weekend and it went so well but now i am suffering from attacks of FIFTH COLUMN withdrawal becauz when ever i do something superfun i feel kinda empty afterwards when i realize everything is back to normal, even if 'normal' is pretty cool too. the band was so wonderful and they were so nice and cool and cute. they played a rad/punk set and then we had birthday cake and the next day we hung out in lesbianville, usa. then they went to providence and now i am sad. but i will always remember them when i listen to their groovy tunes or wear the pretty shirts esp. the one with G.B. jones tom

the next night i went to a show with all boy bands, not even bands i had known and it was not my deal at all, i was pretty depressed, after the show the night before with all girls on stage and all us riot girls in front, at this show there were lots of rowdy boys and girls all dressed up and more anti-riot girl flyers and i wanted to crawl away. but then we went and did riot girl radio and i felt better.

and i realize we can't have separate all boy and all girl scenes or cultures in general, it's not realistic and i would miss the cool boy friends i have. but since this whole girl thing is really just in the first stages still, girls especially need to learn to work together, cuz although i usually always have, i guess alot of girls haven't, they were brought up to look to guys for assistance and stuff always and it's not their fault, people told them to do that, and everyone else did it too, so they thought it was right.

i just don't get it when guys ask girls why they are in all girl bands, or when they yell stuff like "girly-girls!" at fifth column when they play. i guess they forget the other 90% of bands are all boy, and i guess they forget alot of girl bands couldn't give a shit what boys think of them or how they look.

rumel's  
flyers

I am going to try to get into the habit of writing by hand cuz I need to conserve my typewriter ribbon for my major papers coming up soon. I have never liked my handwriting, it's different every day, and it always starts when I write on unlined paper.

typing is nice becuz I won't be judged on / by my handwriting, the reader will only notice what I say and how I say it / spell it.

okay, but on to what I wanna say. I think I'll talk about what I normally do besides my zine cuz I often wonder what other zine folk do.

And I won't talk about how extremely punk rock my weekends have been lately, I'll just mention normal stuff.

Tomorrow I usually have two classes, one is about attitude change and right now we're dealing with messages and persuasion in advertising.



Then I have a class on the beat writers. We're reading Burroughs, who I don't like much (beside the fact that he murdered his wife). But tomorrow insted of classes I meet w/ my advisor to talk about next semester's classes.

Also I have to get craking on a science paper that was gonna be about ♀ to ♀ transmisson of HIV, but since there's no info (as in studies done) on the subject, I think I'll do something about how ♀ aren't quitting smoking cuz they're afraid they'll gain weight - I wanna find out if that's a myth or what (the weight gain).

When I'm not in class or doing home-work I'm eating in the evil dining commons. There's always somethin vegan but it usually bites my butt.

And I volunteer at the les/bi/gay center and go to riot grrrl meetings.

And I hang w/ my cool friends. ♡ <sup>that's</sup> all!

oh gosh, i've just been sitting here reading some zines for more inspiration, like gaybee and girl gems and fantastic and how much they mean to me, esp. all the random letters in girl gems from lonely queer girls i want to find and hug and then it gets me thinking about this whole girl thing and how so much is going on i sometime feel like just another one and how i don't want to rise above the crowd and be on top but just be recognized for what i'm doing, i guess, and it's not like no one's noticed me of anything but i just don't know.

and i don't know what i'd do if i hadn't found all this stuff, if it was not a part of my life i wonder where i'd be now. cuz it's just so much to me now... like when new girls come to riot grrrl meetings and ask what r.g. is, it's just like, umm, i'm at a loss for words (is that the expression?) and i don't know where to start. and i feel piggy for claiming it as mine but that means every girl can claim it for herself and should cuz it's a different thing for everyone. i don't know, i find myself saying things and hoping i don't sound like i wanted that sentence to get quoted in SPIN or something, you know?

but i count too, even though i'm the girl who never was raped or abused to fucked by a boy or a man. i don't know where that came from, i have this thing about not relating to or understanding experiences i have not been thru, which is utter dooky becaz what the fuck? how can you exist if you can't understand and help others and of course no one has identical lives. there are just so many important girls in my life and i'm sure i come across here like the simple and sweet immature girl but in real life i can be cold and thoughtless and uncaring and removed and i guess it stems from just feeling detached and like an outsider alot, watching everyone else's (social) lives happen. i know i've said this before. i know i have nothing to say. no, i do, fuck this world that makes me harsh on myself so bad.

people say they like the tone of my zine, how it's conversational and stuff and i'm so glad becaz i could never try to sound all big and smart and 23 syllable word, so only the one's with the biggest vocabularies could get it, the point is for everyone to get it. if i bare my fucking soul but talk all cryptic and shit, what would be the fucking point???

And now, an image that has nothing to do w/ the above wordage:



Real me

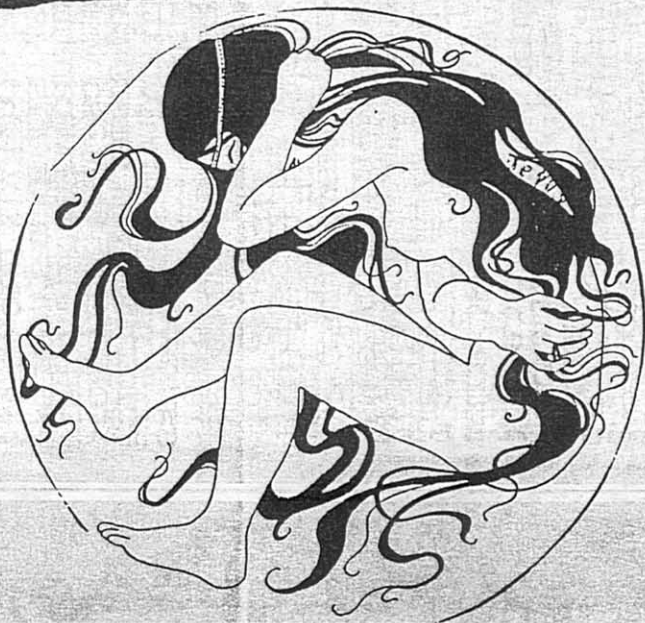


the clone inside me,  
screaming to be free (hee hee)



oh wonderful and wonderful and the mostest wonderful...some happy happiness happened today, even tho i didn't do my homework and people i don't know tried to throw things at me from a balcony... first of all a girl i've seen before but never ever met told me that she thought i was really beautiful...no one has ever said anything like that to me ever before, i mean, assuming she was sincere, and i just turned red as my hair and said "thank you" and grinned like an idiot...it was a moment of moments of moments and i will never forget it ever...i don't think it was some come-on, i don't know if she was queer or what but she has guts and nerve and honesty and i love her for it and little does she know the difference such comments can make concerning my self esteem...i am having trouble with words....and the next wonderous event was a phone call from my penny my friend my sister of punk dyke unity and it was so good to hear her voice, long-uh eye-lind accent and all, she's the kind of girl i want to run thru the streets with holding hands, letting the Sweetness of our youth destroy all evil forces. i want to climb the top of some monument and declare our friendship...and if i'm not with her in april in wash dc marching for the right to exist i will not really be there. such little things, a comment in the dining commons, a phone message, put it all into proportion. so what if i have three gigantic term papers due in less than a month and i only have a topic for one of them. so what that when i go home i have no life, that i can't talk to my parents about anything, so fuckin what! and this weekend sam kingfish is coming, and me and her and rumeli will tear it up, girl style now, and babes in toyland are playing saturday and if i can go i will rejoice and sing along to every song and throw some wilty flowers to the drummer, lori. and fuck you if my life can't be punk girl love everyday cuz that's what i like and need and love and that is me, and i will make my life whatever the fuck i want. now excuse me but i have to pretend to study.

i want to tell you what i really think but you are going to read my zine and i don't want you to know. i want you to know i care so much about you but i barely know you and you'd think i was too clingy too soon or that i "wanted" you. i want to tell you that what you said really bothered me but you will be offened even tho i still really like you. when i started this zine i'd say what ever i felt becuz i knew i'd be mostly giving it to people i didn't know. now i am trapped in this small sheltered environment and am under obligation to give it to my acquaintences, it seems, even if i don't want to. i feel i i can't refer to specific incidences because the people involved will recognize them and realize i'm talking about them in perhaps a negative way. this is not to say i only have bad things to say about my friends but often i feel very removed and unable to relate or understand or feel a desire to be around people i'm "supposed" to be with. i need this to be a place where i can say everything and i don't want to create such barriers. so if you recognize something i say, don't get off-ended, or do get offended and come talk to me. and be honored i even mention you. just kiddin.



# I'M IN THE BAND

I'm gonna play the drums  
we're gonna rock so hard  
we're gonna knock your sox off  
you better watch out  
maybe we will play your town  
probably not so don't get too excited  
who's drums am I gonna play  
who knows  
I could get some for xmas  
rachel has a freddy krueger guitar  
it will rule your world to mars  
seth's on bass  
he has great hair too.  
shit that didn't rhyme.  
rumeli will sing her voice is supreme  
this band is gonna be so fine  
it's my first band I'm so excited



**BAD  
HAR  
DAY**

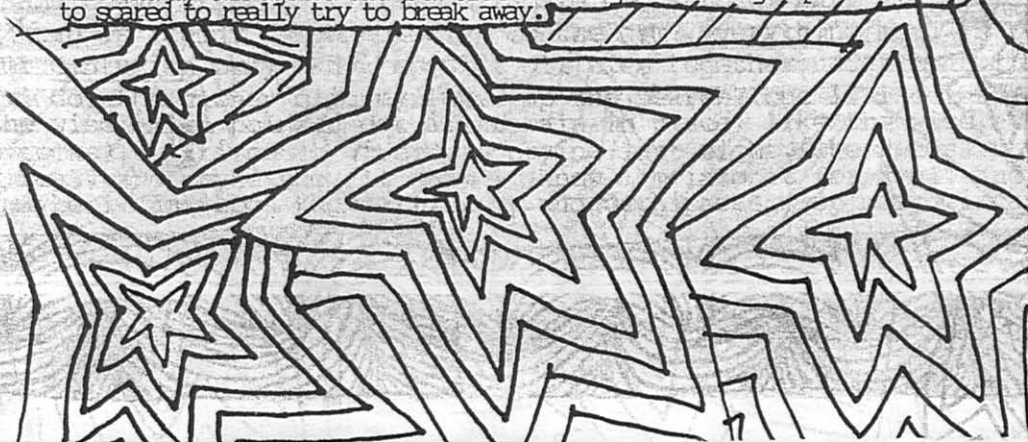


FUCKING FUCK. THIS IS NOT ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE RIOT GRRRL ZINES.

did that come as a surprise to you? i know, i talk about riot grrrl and i am involved with it here in western mass. but if you say "this is a riot grrrl" that is too easy. that is not what this is all about. this is not about cutesy vintage dresses and cat shaped glasses and barettes. this is not about a bad experience with some boyfriend that made me decide to seek out girls. this is not girls's nite out, do you get it? this is not a zine i only give to girls, this is not what you heard riot grrrl was about. i was like this before riot grrrl, but now someone decided to name it, and therefore me. no one wanted to interview me before, even tho i talked with girls about my experiences and wrote and loved punk and loved girls. and yeah, maybe it all inspired me to do a zine, maybe it showed me if they could do it, i could do it. but i think if the same chain of events occurred that led me to start my zine had happened two summers ago this would still be here. i am not cute enough to be a riot grrrl. i am not straight enough to be a riot grrrl. i'm not punk enough to be a riot grrrl. i'm too punk to be a riot grrrl. i do not know anymore. just don't write me off becauz the word GIRL is in the title, okay?

i cannot speak for anyone else. i was at a ritzy alternative club last night for babes in toyland (insert drool here) and all the made up, in black, purse holding, model "perfect" girls standing along the side made me want to grab the mike and yell, "all girls get the fuck up front!" but i realized only i can go up front, they have to learn they have the power to do so if they wish, they can tell the slamming, stage diving boys to quit shoving them or shove them back, or they can sit in the corner. they can watch the boys in the front row try to look up kat's dress everytime she kicks up her leg, or they can push their way up front and scream along and boogie. i can't tell them what is right, what must be done to make change, cuz that's only my opinion. maybe they like sitting off to the side. they make me wanna cry.

when will i be living my own life? i still feel like i am completely under my parent's control. i am far away from them, i speak to them only once every few weeks but because they are paying my college tuition (yeah yeah, spoiled brat) i still have to go crawling to them, asking for permission for things, asking how to do things, and i'm expected to go home for vacations because they are 'family times' even tho home is the most depressing place in the world and i have no life there. i'd love to go home with friends for thanksgiving or christmas but i'd feel so fucking guilty becauz that's the only time i see my family and of course i have to go bored out of my mind sitting at home in my room, becauz altho they want me home, we don't actually talk or do anything together. i want to be my own person and afford to have my own life and my own agenda and i'm sick of being so fucking dependant, but to scared to really try to break away.



excuse me, but if you are some experienced queer could you help me, and if you are just a person could you listen? if your friends and the people you are attracted to are the same sex, and you think most of your friends are attractive, how do you know? could you, the love expert, tell me how you know who is who? how do you like and who do you want? because i don't think i've wanted many people in my life time-and the ones i have wanted, as soon as i got to know them i saw all their (human) imperfections and decided i could not deal, not like i had a chance at a relationship or anything. becauz, you see, if you go eighteen years never kissing anyone, never being kissed, never fucking or getting fucked, never loving or getting loved, you blow things up pretty massively in your head what this stuff will be like if it ever occurs. so no one is good enough for me, yet i don't know who i am looking at and judging in what way. all this just makes me want to hang out with mostly boys. when i first realized i was queer i thought how exciting it would be to hang out with my het boy friends and talk about girls, but all my boy friends in high school were uncomfortable with that, and now in college it seems almost all my male friends are queer too. but i can't force myself to be friends according to gender, and i just happen to usually be friends with girls. so i am totally confused, i mean i find myself sometimes forcing myself to be attracted to someone, i find myself thinking, "she's cool, she's cute, she's funny, she's nice to you, she's queer, blab! blah!" and i catch myself and think, "so fucking what?" what's the point anyway? like you must have relationships or be fooling around just cuz you're a big college student. big swinger that i am. but i think i really might like someone but what am i supposed to do about? why would i want to do something about it? i just want to hang out with her and stuff. i can't picture myself being physical with her or with anyone else, for that matter. when i talk to her, i picture a big neon sign on my forehead, glaring "yes, i am queen dork and i am attempting to 'flirt' with you becauz that is what i have been told i am supposed to do, and as you can see, i have no clue". but i think she likes someone else. i don't want to say anything else about her cuz i don't want anyone knowing who she is, becauz, god forbid they might start those games i see people doing (and that i have attempted to do, posing as a helpful friend but really just being meddlesome) where one person "fixes" up one with another, or asks friends of friends if so and so like her. and this will never happen to me, cuz if it does i will just disintegrate becauz i could not deal with rejection after all these years of waiting and hoping and ignoring and pretending i don't care when i do and not getting it, i could not live with such expectations ripped to shreds.



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